

THE
LAST SPEECH
OF A
WRETCHED MISER.
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BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.

*O Deol! and am I fore'd to die,
And nae mair my dear filler see,
That glanc'd sae sweetly in mine ee!
It breaks my heart.
My gowd! my bands! alackaniz!
That we shou'd part.*

GLASGOW:
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OF A

WRETCHED MISER.

I.

O Door! and am I forc'd to die,
 And nae mair my dear filler see,
 That glanc'd fae sweetly in mine ee!

It breaks my heart:
 My gowd! my hands! alackanie!
 That we shou'd part.

II.

For you I labour'd night and day,
 For you I did my friends betray,
 For you on stinking cass I lay,
 And blankets thin;
 And for your sake fed mony a flea
 Upon my skin.

III.

Like Tantalus I lang have stood
 Chin deep into a filler flood;
 Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
 But pain and strife,
 To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
 To cherish life.

IV.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
 Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
 Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights
 Of lassie bonny;
 Thus did I watch lang' days and nights
 My lovely money.

V.

Although my annual rents cou'd feed
 Thrice forty fouk that stood in need,
 I grudg'd mysell my daily bread;
 And if frae hame,
 My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
 To please my wame.

VI.

To keep you cozie in a hoord,
 This hunger I with ease endur'd;
 And never dought ae doit afford
 To aye of still,
 Wha for a doller might have cur'd
 Me of this ill.

VII.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,
 Nor wrung away my farkes with washing;
 Nor ever sat in taverns dashing
 Away my coin,
 To find out wit or mirth by clashing
 O'er dearthfu' wine.

VIII.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
 I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
 Which takes of flower to keep it fair,
 Frae reetting free,
 As meikle as wad dine and mair
 The like of me.

IX.

Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,
 But toom'd my coodies a' mysell;
 To ha'n in candle I had a spell
 Baith cheap and bright,
 A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
 Gives curious light.

X.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
 To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
 To live a beggar, and to die
 Sae rich in coin?
 That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
 Though Belzie join.

XI.

Some said my looks were gross and fowr,
 Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dour;
 I own it was na in my power,
 My fears to ding;
 Wherefore I never cou'd endure
 To laugh or sing.

XII.

I ever hated bookish reading,
 And musical or dancing breeding,
 And what's in either face or cleading,
 Of painted things;
 I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,
 Except the king's.

XIII.

Now of a' them the yeard e'er bare,
 I never rhymers cou'd endure,
 They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
 I hate to ken 'em;
 For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure
 To spit their venom.

XIV.

But waster wives, the warst of a',
 Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
 When wickèdly they bid us draw
 Our fillen spungs,
 For this and that, to make them braw,
 And lay their tongues.

XV.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
 Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
 Some loo to woo beneath the birks
 Their lemans bony;
 For me, I took them a' for firks
 That loo'd na money.

XVI.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
 Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flea,
 Clek, flae the flint, and penury,
 And faulefs wretch;
 But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
 Gin I grew rich.

XVII.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
 And mony thousands have I lent,
 But fickerly I took good tent,
 That double pawns
 With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cent*
 Lay in my hands.

XVIII.

When borrow'rs brak the pawns were rug
 Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,
 I sold them off, ne'er fash'd my lug,
 With girns or curses,
 The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
 My swelling purses.

XIX.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a saint,
 And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
 Wad make a mane for them in want;
 But for ought mair,
 I never was the fool to grant
 Them ony skair.

XX.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
 That chiel a very silly dunce,
 That cou'd not honesty renounce,
 With ease and joys,
 At ony time, to win an ounce
 Of yellow boys.

XXI.

When young I some remorse did feel,
 And liv'd in terror of the deel,
 His furnace, whips, and racking wheel;
 But by degrees,
 My conscience grown as hard as steel,
 Gave me some ease.

XXII.

But fears of want and carking care
 To save my stock—and thrift for mair,
 By night and day oppress me fair,
 And turn'd my head;
 While friends appear'd like harpies gair,
 That wish'd me dead.

XXIII.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
 The live-lang night till day was breaking,
 Syne thron' my sleep, with heart sair aiking
 I've aften started,
 Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
 When Elspa farted.

XXIV.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
 And to Virginia fald my brither,
 And crush'd my wife;
 But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
 To leave my life.

XXV.

My life! my god! my spirit yearns,
 Not on my kindred, wife, or bairns,
 Sic are but very laigh concerns,
 Compar'd with thee!
 When now this mortal rottele warns
 Me, I maun die.

XXVI.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To see my kin and graceless son,
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And cash that has na seen the sun
This fifty year.

XXVII.

Oh! oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing;
He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine
Down to naething.

XXVIII.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth along!
Nae heir shou'd e'er ae-farthing fang,
That thus carouses,
Though they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houses.

XXIX.

Perdition! Sathan! is that you!
I sink!—am dizzy!—Candle blue.
Wi that be never mair play'd pew,
But with a rair,
Away his wretched spirit flew,
It maks na where.

FINIS.

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